Hillsborough Recorder.

Vol. XV. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1834. No. 747.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY DENNIS HEARTT,

AT THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, OR TWO DOLLARS FIFTY CENTS IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

Those who do not give notice of their wish to have their paper discontinued at the expiration of the year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded. And no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Persons procuring six subscribers, shall receive the seventh gratis.

Advertisements not exceeding sixteen lines will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each continuance.

Subscriptions received by the printer, and most of the post-masters in the state.

All letters upon business relative to the paper must be post paid.

SCHOOL.

THE WINTER SESSION of the Rev. SAMUEL J. PRICE'S SCHOOL will commence on the first Monday in November.

October 20th. 44—

EQUITY SALES.

By virtue of a decree of the Court of Equity for Orange county, in the case of Thomas Roundtree's heirs, I shall, on the 4th Monday of November next, before the Court House door in Hillsborough, proceed to sell, on a credit of one and two years, a Tract of LAND belonging to said heirs, laying part in Person county and part in Orange county, supposed to contain about 360 acres adjoining the lands of Wm. Armstrong, Wm. Lipscomb, Henry Berry, and others. Bond and security required

JAMES WEBB, *C. & M.*

September 22. 40-6w

Lands in Orange County.

BY virtue of a decree of the Court of Equity for Orange county, in the case of Chesley M. Patterson and wife, and others, I shall on the 4th Monday of November next, before the Court House door in Hillsborough, proceed to sell, on a credit of one and two years, the following tracts of Land, lying in Orange county:

One tract of 111 acres, adjoining Wm. N. Pratt and others

30 acres adjoining James Rainey and others.

Five eighths of 400 acres, where Mary Fergeson now lives.

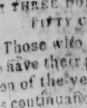
One undivided half of a tract of about 600 acres on Ellerbee's creek, called the Jesse Pickett tract, adjoining George Copley and others.

Also, two other lots, one of 289 and the other of 270 acres, on Second creek, in Orange county Bond and security required.

JAMES WEBB, *C. & M.*

September 22 40-6w

EQUITY SALE.



BY virtue of a decree of the Court of Equity for Orange County, in the case of Jordan Hill and others, *ex parte*, on a petition to sell land, I shall offer for sale, before the court-house door in Hillsborough, on Monday the 24th of November next on a credit of one and two years, the following tracts of LAND, the property of the late John Bird, deceased, viz

One tract, the late residence of the deceased containing 457 acres.

One tract of 107 acres, adjoining Erasmus Compton and others.

And one other tract of about 100 acres, adjoining Gabriel B. Lea and others.

Bond and approved security required.

JAMES WEBB, *C. & M.*

October 14 42-4w

State of North-Carolina,

Orange County.

In Equity—September Term, 1834.

John Horner

v.

J. P. Sneed and J. J. Carrington,

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendants in this case are not inhabitants of this state: It is therefore ordered, that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder, for six weeks successively, that unless the said defendants shall appear and plead, or file their answer on or before the next term of this Court, to be held at the Court House in Hillsborough, on the second Monday of March next, the bill will be taken pro confesso and heard ex parte.

J. WEBB, *C. & M. E'*

Price adv. $2 00. 41-6w

State of North Carolina.

Orange County.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, August Term, 1834.

William Strayhorn, Aaron Strayhorn, Thomas Tate and wife Polly, William Smith,

vs

David Strayhorn, John Strayhorn, Anderson Tate and wife Mary, and Samuel Strayhorn and Samuel Tate, adm'rs of William Strayhorn, decd and said Samuel and wife Sally

Petition for the division of slaves.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court now here, that David Strayhorn, John Strayhorn and Anderson Tate and his wife Mary, are inhabitants of the state of Tennessee, beyond the jurisdiction of this Court, it is therefore ordered, that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder for six weeks successively, that unless the said David Strayhorn, John Strayhorn, Anderson Tate and his wife Mary, appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be held for this county, at the Court House in Hillsborough, on the fourth Monday in November next, and then and there answer the said petition or demur thereto, that the petition will be taken *pro confesso* and heard *ex parte*.

JOHN TAYLOR, c. c. c.

Price adv $3 50. 39—6w

Blanks for sale at this Office.

PUBLIC SALE.

THERE will be offered at public sale, on the premises where I now live; one the 20th of this instant, the

TRACT OF LAND

whereon I am now living,

A House and Lot adjoining the town of Hillsborough,

Also the Crop, Stock of all kinds, Farming Tools, together with the HOUSEHOLD and KITCHEN FURNITURE.

Nine months credit will be given, Bond and approved security required.

JOHN ALLEN.

November 4. 46—

WANTED,

A FIRST RATE **Journeyman Blacksmith,** and two **Apprentices.** Apply to

WM. D. KIRKSEY.

Chapel Hill, October 28. 45—

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

LATIMER & BARKER

HAVE the pleasure of again announcing to the public, that they are receiving from the New York and Philadelphia markets a new supply of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

which renders their assortment inferior to none.

The following comprises a part of their stock, viz

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods, Queensware, Hardware and Cuttlery, Hats, Shoes, Bonnets, &c.

In addition to their present stock, they will constantly be receiving new supplies; all of which will, as usual, be sold low *for the needful.* Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon them, they solicit a continuance of the same.

October 15. 43—

DR. NORWOOD,

HAVING removed to this place from Chapel Hill, where he has been practising for more than three years, offers his professional services to the citizens of this town and its vicinity. He may at all times be found, when not professionally engaged, at his shop in the yellow house two doors west of Mr. William Anderson's store.

A good assortment of

MEDICINES

will always be kept on hand, and sold at reasonable prices.

September 23. tf—40

NEW WATCHES, Jewellery and Fancy Articles.

HUNTINGTON & LYNCH

RESPECTFULLY announce to their friends and the public generally, that they have formed a copartnership in the above mentioned business, and have just received an elegant assortment, consisting in part of the following:

Gentlemen's Gold Levers, plain and extra jewelled,

Ladies' ditto,

Gold Duplex, Horizontal & Lepine Watches,

Silver Levers, English and French Watches,

Long linked Gold Watch Chains,

Cubal Neck Chains,

Fine Gold Guard Chains,

Gold Seals and Keys,

Miniature Cases,

A rich assortment of Breast Pins, Finger Rings and Ear Rings,

Small Miniature Paintings on Ivory, and Enamelled Paintings,

Silver Plate,

Silver Everpointed Pencil Cases,

Spectacles, assorted, Silver and Steel,

Butter Knives,

Coral, assorted,

Silver, Steel and Gilt Chains and Keys,

Snuff and Tin Music Boxes,

Bead Bags and Purses,

Fine Knives and Razors,

Clocks Time Pieces, &c. &c.

Being permanently located in Hillsborough, and having a fresh and large supply of Watch Materials, they are prepared to repair Watches of any description, in the best and most durable manner, and will warrant watches repaired in every case 12 months.

Orders punctually attended to.

JOHN HUNTINGTON,
LEMUEL LYNCH.

Octocer 22d. 41—

NORTH-CAROLINA STANDARD.

The Constitution, and the Union of the States—they "must be preserved."

THE undersigned proposes to issue a Weekly Newspaper, with the above title and motto, in the city of Raleigh, North Carolina.

Practically a Printer, and having for many years conducted a Press in another part of the state, the principal object of the undersigned, now locating himself in Raleigh, is employment for himself and support for his family.

And believing that the establishment of a Paper at the seat of Government, which shall do justice to the venerable and patriotic Chief Magistrate of the Union, and to the measures of this Administration, and through whose columns the legitimate and cardinal principles of Republicanism shall be defended and inculcated, is demanded by the present crisis of political affairs, and called for by the sentiment of the people of the state, the undersigned has adventured to engage in the enterprise, with the hope of being sustained in his efforts for the accomplishment of so desirable an object.

It is an anomaly in the political history of the times, that, in a State which is so emphatically Republican in principle as North Carolina—which has on three several occasions, by large and triumphant majorities, supported and sustained Andrew Jackson for the Presidency, believing and *knowing* him to be a safe depository and faithful representative of their principles, and whose People, it is confidently believed, are still devoted to his cause—should have no paper at its Capital, through whose columns the measures of his Administration can be fairly vindicated, and the voice of his friends freely heard. It is the desire, and shall be the zealous endeavor of the undersigned, to afford that facility.

His earliest political impressions were in unison with those of the Democracy of the nation; which experience, and his growing years, have conspired to strengthen, until the settled principles of his maturer age are but the realization of his early convictions. Cherishing these sentiments, at the first demonstration in favor of Andrew Jackson for the Presidency, the undersigned (at the period the Editor of a paper at Salisbury) espoused his cause, believing that one possessed of such lofty patriotism, and whose signal services to the country so emphatically constituted him its benefactor, could not be other than a most worthy representative of the Democracy of the Union. With continued and unshaken confidence in his patriotism and integrity of purpose it is with highly gratified feelings that the undersigned is now afforded an opportunity of devoting himself anew to the same cause, but in a more extended sphere.

Ardently attached to the National Constitution, and to the Union of the States, as constituting an impregnable safeguard to our political, civil and religious rights, whatever may have a tendency to violate the provisions of the one, or endanger the perpetuity of the other, shall receive the most unreserved condemnation at the editor's hands. And while the freedom of speech and the liberty of the press, blessings guarrantied by the great Charter of our Rights, shall remain unawed by the threatenings of ambition, or unsmothered by the corruptions of aristocracy the editor promises, not only that "the Constitution and the Union of the States" (which he has adopted as the motto of his paper, shall be strenuously vindicated, but that a zid enforcement of and prompt obedience to *the popular will*, that most important principle of Representative Government, shall be called for and advocated throughout the columns of his paper.

A full and fair discussion of those important and leading political topics of the day—the *United States Bank, Internl Improvements*, and the *next Presidency*—will be admitted in the "Standard." But opposed, from principle, not only to the U. S. Bank, but to all other National monopoly monopolies, as well as to a wasteful system of Internl Improvements by the General Government, he editor will raise his voice against these ill advised measures, in whatevers ape they may be presented; and he will equally oppose the excise, by Congress or the Executive, of all *conjunctive* powers, believing that the perpetuity of the Union is only to be secured by a judicious division of powers between the General and late Governments, allotting to the first only that which is strictly delegated to her, and to the latter what is clearly reserved to them. As regards the all-absorbing question of *Who shall be our next President?* the Editor will, in due time, be ready to inscribe on his banner the name of him who shall be selected by the Democracy of the States, as the Republican candidate.

Although, at this porticular juncture, a more than ordinary attention to general Politics is called for by public sentiment, yet it is the design of the Editor to devote a large portion of his paper to the local affairs of the State, and the peculiar interests of its citizens. Located at the Seat of Government he will be enabled to communicate to the People early and correct information of the proedings of the Legislature while in session, and to give prompt advice of all acts of other agents of the people. He will zealously advote whatever may contribute to develope their resources, unfold the latent energies, and elevate the character of North Carolina as well as to encourage all that may tend to enlighten the people in regard to the moral advantages with which they have been blessed by nature. He will strive to make his paper a dissemination of facts—an assertor of the truth—a vindicator of innocence and virtue—a censor of vice—an advocate of justice—a promoter of harmony and social order in the community—a detector of fraud, imposts and crime—and a sentinel, promptly to warn the people of the first approaches of every danger with which their rights and liberties may be threatened.

In fine, it is the Editor desire and hope, should gentlemen of leisure and suitable acquirements favor him with their contributions, to render his journal useful to the Agriculturist, profitable to the Christian, entertaining to the searcher after news, instructive to the man of science, amusing to the miscellaneous reader, and a "standard" under which the patriot and politician may fully confident of a secure defence against the vile of Consolidation, and a still more ogerous political heresy which seeks to spread itself throughout the land, "mingling its fit blasts with the steady current of consolidation, and threatening, by a combined movent, greater injury than any before dreaded."

With this brief expose of its object, the design and future purpose of his journal, the Editor throws himself upon the liberality of the public, and solicits such aid and assistance from those who may be friendly to his enterprise, as shall enable him to sustain a paper which shall be no discredit to the state, but worthy of the cause which is his pride and boast to be an humble but zealous advocate.

The "North Carolina Standard" will be printed on an imperial sheet at least equal in size and execution to any paper in the state; and issued once a week, three dollars a year.

The first number, it is hoped, will be out during the first week in October; the Editor therefore requests, that the names of all those who shall have subscribed previously to the last of October, may be immediately thereafter forwarded to him at Raleigh that he may be enabled to determine how many of the first number to strike off.

PHIL WHITE.

October, 21st. 41—

RURAL ECONOMY.

"May our rich soil,
Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land."

SOAP MAKING.

When a solution of potash—or lye—is deprived of carbonic acid, or rendered caustic, it readily combines with animal fat, and forms the compound called soft soap. When both the ingredients are in a proper condition, and in due quantity, there is no difficulty in making soap.

The strength of the lye, to combine readily with the grease, should be such as to float a new laid hen's egg.

In order to have soap as mild as possible, there should be as much grease as the lye will dissolve, in which case the soap will be smoothe or salve like, and more convenient for washing than when it is hard and liver-like. Soap is made thus hard, like liver, by adding to well made soap about an equal quantity of water; this is what soap makers call sophisticating it.

Those who wish to make hard or bar soap for family use, can easily do it.—They have only to take a quantity of clean, well made, soft soap, boil it, and by degrees add common salt till it curdles, after which they should allow it to cool, when the hard soap will be upon the top; this may now be taken off, and the bottom cleared from those impurities which are apt to adhere to it; and then cut into bars for drying. Or it will be a little more uniform in its composition, if you put it into the kettle again with a very little water, and heat it again; afterwards allowing it to cool as before.

Soap for use in the families of most farmers is commonly prepared by leaching ashes made by the family during the winter. As this is a point in which housekeepers sometimes fail, it may be worth while to give, in this place, a few general directions.

A barrel, with one head, is usually made use of as a leach. Into this should be put one peck of fresh burnt slacked lime, and the barrel filled with ashes. Water should be put upon the top, and allowed to filter through till most of the potash contained in them has been separated. The object in putting the lime at the bottom of the cask is that the lye may pass through it, and that thus it may deprive it of any carbonic acid it may contain, and which would prevent it from combining with the grease and forming soap. Lime has a stronger affinity (to use the language of the chemists, and making soap is a chemical process) for carbonic acid than potash has, therefore it will retain it when leached through it, and allow the potash or lye to run off in its pure caustic state.

There is one thing more, besides carbonic acid, which is in the way of making good soap. It is the salt which is often mixed with the grease. This should be carefully separated by boiling it in a kettle with a quantity of water, by which means the salt will unite with the water, and leave the grease in a proper condition for mixing with the lye. With proper care to free the lyre from carbonic acid, and the grease from salt, a barrel of fine soap may be made to every fifteen or twenty pounds of grease.

If those who make soap would study chemistry thoroughly, and attend to the foregoing plain rules, we should probably hear little more about "bad luck," "the wrong time of the moon," "witchcraft," and half a dozen other supposed causes of bad soap.

SUBSTITUTE FOR LINEN.

The following communication is from a gentleman of very high respectability in Salem, Massachusetts, and at his request it is inserted:

There has recently been discovered, in Salem, Massachusetts, and patented, a new and beautiful material resembling silk and linen, which holds out to the manufacturers of this country the high promise of an original, beautiful, and invaluable fabric, far surpassing in strength and beauty of texture that of linen, which it is destined wholly to supersede, as the culture of it requires much less labour and expense than flax, and does not, like that and similar materials, require to be renewed annually, (being a perennial,) and the preparation of it for manufacturing being far more simple than either; and its great natural affinity for coloring matters, and its requiring *no bleaching*, being objects of the highest importance, give it a very decided preference over that manufacture. A few specimens of the manufacture of this material into small fancy articles have been produced, some of which being colored of various tints, present such a beautiful silk like appearance as to have been actually, in some instances, mistaken for it. It possesses this decided advantage, that it not only sustains the action of water uninjured and undefaced, (which it is well known silk will not do,) but the repeated action of water rather appears to strengthen and beautify it. It is ascertained to be the opinion at Lowell, where they have offered to make the experiment, that it can be spun upon machinery.

And while it offers to other branches of manufacture very important substitutes for those substances hitherto used, it offers a material, very superior, in many points, for paper. It is believed, from specimens already produced, that paper of every description may be manufactured from it, possessing a pearly whiteness, durability, beauty of texture, and smoothness of surface, unrivalled by any other ever before manufactured in any country; and it is susceptible of the most brilliant colors, in grain or otherwise. This is believed to be the first material of the kind ever before discovered in this country, that holds out the prospect of a staple commodity, silk, linen and cotton being exotics, and the discoveries of course exotic; but this material is indigenous, is a native of this country, discovered by one of her own daughters, which circumstance, together with its intrinsic worth, seems peculiarly to enhance its value to us. It is open to any who may wish to make experiments.

Silliman's Jour. for Oct.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. Oct. 30th.

MANUFACTURE OF SILK.

Yesterday afternoon we rode out to the Rutenburg, about a mile and a half from this city, near Olneyville, to witness the operation of the silk machinery, recently invented by Messrs. Gay & Mosely, of Connecticut, where we found a small silk manufactory, just going into operation. Repeated attempts have been made from time to time to manufacture this material in this country, but they have all hitherto failed, owing to the imperfection of machinery. The great difficulty has been in the outset in reeling the silk from the cocoons. The material in its raw state contains a glutinous substance of a very adhesive character, and in the ordinary mode of reeling the threads would adhere so that the skeins could not be wound off from the reel without great care, and at best very essential injury to the thread.

Another impediment has been that in spinning, the fibres of the thread were liable to be broken and fretted up by the friction of the machinery through which it passed. These imperfections have been entirely remedied in Gay & Mosely's machinery, and the silk passes through all the processes of manufacture from the cocoon to the loom, with all the rapidity and security from injury, with which cotton is manufactured. The machinery is very simple, but very ingeniously contrived, and is worthy the observation of every friend of domestic industry. The improvement in this machinery, by which the adhesion of the thread on the reel and spools is prevented, consists in a transverse motion, by which the thread is carried rapidly from one side of the skein or end of the spool to the other, so that instead of lying parallel, the threads lie at angles across each other.

On our return we called to see the Donnelson farm which has recently been purchased by an association of gentlemen for the purpose of growing silk. They are now in the progress of transplanting 15,000 mulberry trees, already four years old, on one of the most beautiful spots of earth in this vicinity. These trees were originally planted for ornamental trees, at the garden of the Messrs. Dyers, which has lately been known by the name of "Mulberry Grove," and although the country did not seem to demand quite so large a supply of ornamental trees of that kind, the inventions of Gay & Mosely have rendered them exceedingly valuable, and probably one of the most lucrative sources of income that New England now affords. All who have tried the experiment agree that the growing of silk yields an enormous profit on the capital employed, and as it may be grown without difficulty in every family in the country, we cannot doubt that it will soon become the great staple of the New England states. *Journal.*

Magnanimity.—Cæsar has had the testimony of ages to his bravery, and yet he refused a challenge from Antony. He very calmly answered the bearer of the message—"If Antony is weary of his life, tell him there are other ways to death besides the point of my sword." How well would it be, if there were more instances of the like independence of mind.

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

Various extracts from letters, essays, &c. of Thomas Jefferson, have been published in a certain class of papers in the state, which seemingly uphold the doctrine of Nullification. As something like an offset to them, we give the following, extracted from Mr. Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry.

On the day of the Charlotte county election, in 1799, as soon as he appeared on the ground, says Mr. Wirt, he was surrounded by the admiring and adoring crowd, and whithersoever he moved, the concourse followed him. A preacher of the Baptist Church, whose piety was wounded by this homage paid to a mortal, asked the people aloud, "Why they thus followed Mr. Henry about? Mr. Henry," said he, "is not a god!" "No," said Mr. Henry, deeply affected both by the scene and the remark, "no, indeed, my friend, I am but a poor worm of the dust—as fleeting and unsubstantial as the shadow of the cloud that flies over your fields, and is remembered no more." The tone with which this was uttered, and the look which accompanied it, affected every heart and silenced every voice. Envy and opposition were disarmed by his humility—the recollection of his past services rushed upon every memory, and he 'read his history' in their swimming eyes.

Before the polls were opened, he addressed the people of the county to the following effect:—He told them that the late proceedings of the Virginia Assembly had filled him with apprehensions and alarm—that they had planted thorns upon his pillow—that they had drawn him from that happy retirement which it had pleased a bountiful Providence to bestow, and in which he had hoped to pass, in quiet, the remainder of his days—that the state had quitted the sphere in which she had been placed by the constitution, and in daring to pronounce upon the validity of federal laws, had gone out of her jurisdiction in a manner not warranted by any authority, and in the highest degree alarming to every considerate man—that such opposition, on the part of Virginia, to the acts of the general government, *must* beget their enforcement by military power—that this would produce civil war; civil war, foreign alliances—and that foreign alliances must necessarily end in subjugation to the powers called in. He conjured the people to pause and consider well, before they rushed into such a desperate condition, from which there could be no retreat. He painted to their imaginations, WASHINGTON, at the head of a numerous and well-appointed army, inflicting upon them military execution—"And where," (he asked) "are our resources to meet such a conflict? Where is the citizen of America who will dare to lift his hand against the Father of his Country?" A drunken man in the crowd threw up his arm, and exclaimed that "he dared to do it." "No," answered Mr. Henry, rising aloft in all his majesty, "*you dare not do it—in such a parricidal attempt, the steel would drop from your nerveless arm!*" "The look and gesture at this moment, (says a correspondent,) gave to these words an energy on my mind, unequalled by any thing that I have ever witnessed." Mr. Henry, proceeding in his address to the people, asked "whether the county of Charlotte would have any authority to dispute an obedience to the laws of Virginia? and he pronounced Virginia to be to the Union what the county of Charlotte was to *her*."

Having denied the right of a state to decide upon the constitutionality of Federal laws, he added, that perhaps it might be necessary to say something of the merits of the laws in question. His private opinion was, that they were "*good and proper*." But, whatever might be their merits, it belonged to the people, who held the reins over the head of Congress, and to them alone, to say whether they were acceptable or otherwise to Virginians—and that this must be done by way of petition. That Congress were as much our representatives as the Assembly, and had as good a right to our confidence. He had seen, with regret, the unlimited power over the purse and sword, consigned to the general government; but in that he had been over-ruled, and it was now necessary to submit to the constitutional exercise of that power. "If," said he, "I am asked what is to be done when a people feel themselves intolerably oppressed, my answer is ready: *Overturn the government*. But do not, I beseech you, carry matters to this length without provocation. Wait at least until *some* infringement is made upon your rights, and which cannot otherwise be redressed; for if ever you recur to another change, you may bid adieu forever to representative government. You can never exchange the present government but for a monarchy. If the administration have done wrong, let us all go wrong together, rather than split into factions, which must destroy that *union* upon which our existence hangs. Let us preserve our strength for the French, the English, the Germans, or whoever else shall dare to invade our territory, and not exhaust it in civil commotions and intestine wars." He concluded by declaring his design to exert himself in the endeavor to allay the heart burnings and jealousies which had been fomented in the state legislature; and he fervently prayed, if *he* was deemed unworthy to effect it, that it might be reserved to some other and abler hand, to extend this blessing over the community."

This was the *substance* of the speech written down at the time by one of his hearers. "There was," says the writer, "an emphasis in his language, to which, like the force of his articulation, and the commanding expression of his eye, no representation can do justice; yet I am conscious of having given a correct transcript of his opinions, and in many instances, his very expression."

Such was the last effort of Mr. Henry's eloquence; the power of the noon day sun was gone, but its setting splendors were not less beautiful and touching. After this speech the polls were opened, and he was elected by his usual commanding majority.

THE TIMES CHANGE.

Thanksgiving is close at hand, and not a cargo of Malaga fruit has arrived yet in Boston, whilst we hear of two at New York, and one at Baltimore. Time was, and children hardly yet walk alone who have been born since then, when those cities were entirely dependent upon us for their Christmas supplies of Mediterranean fruit, and if the good old Governor who waited for advices of Mr. Parson's first vessel before he determined upon thanksgiving day, were now alive, he might very honestly doubt if he breathed the air of New England. No matter—there are plenty of raisins and almonds, walnuts and filberts, oranges and lemons, on the way to us, and we shall get our full share of mince pies and plum puddings, as certainly as we had yesterday a deliberate, old fashioned, winter forerunning storm of snow and hail, sleet and rain, succeeded to-day by glorious autumnal sunshine. And after all, suppose we have no raisins nor oranges, havn't we abundance of apples and pumpkins? Don't mention it.

[The foregoing is from that neat litte yankee whig paper, yclept the Boston Transcript, and shows what a twitter the Bay State folks are always in, when they are likely to be cheated out of a thanksgiving plum pudding.

Speaking of old Mr. Parsons reminds us of a story. When he first engaged in navigation he kept a ship chandlery and grocery at the head of Hancock's wharf, (its Boston we are speaking of,) and had fitted out three schooners loaded with American produce for the West Indies, which, with his stock in store, constituted all his property. For fitting out these vessels he became considerably in debt, and as they had long been absent without being heard from, it was supposed they were lost. The tradesmen found it inconvenient to wait longer for their pay, and were at length clamorous. Mr. P. whose cash was expended, dealt out most of his goods to his creditors. There was one blacksmith, however, to whom he was considerably in the arrears, but who never mentioned to him the subject of his debt. Mr. P. called upon and told him if he ever expected to be paid, to come and receive his quota of goods, as it would soon be too late. "Never mind that," said Vulcan, "I am not worried, if you are not." A short time afterwards, one cold winter morning, Mr. P. was roused from his slumbers by a loud knocking at his door, and on popping his head out of the window, he saw his friend of the bellows. "Mr. Parsons," said he, "I believe that is one of your schooners just this side the castle." He lost no time in throwing on his clothes and repairing to the wharf, and to his joy found the blacksmith's suspicions correct. She had arrived with a return cargo of gold and silver, having sold all her produce at a great profit. In less than forty-eight hours the other two arrived under similar circumstances. This was the foundation of the great fortune which he afterwards accumulated. It is needless to say that the blacksmith was paid to his heart's content—and more than that, on the return of each annual thanksgiving till the end of Mr. P.'s life, his family was presented with a box of raisins and a barrel of flour. Such was the character of that eminent merchant, Ebenezer Parsons. *N. Y. Com. Adv.*

A NEW ENGINE OF WAR.

A new instrument or machine has been invented by Mr. Toplis, of the museum of national manufacturers in Leicester square, which he considers calculated to put an end to wars, and to prevent civilized nations from engaging hereafter in the work of mutual destruction. Mr. Toplis has constructed an engine, which, according to his views, will render armed multitudes powerless against any people disposed to defend themselves; a score of men with this auxiliary power, being competent to annihilate the largest army that could be collected. The engine is portable, and without its casing, might be carried by two men; mounted on its proper carriage, it can be moved with celerity into any situation where horses or men can go. It is ready for action in a moment, and can be made at will, to pour out for any desired time a continuous stream of bullets, which can be directed towards any point or object, with the same facility as the stream of water from a fire-engine, and with perfect precision: whilst the men who direct it are sheltered in entire security. Mr. Toplis looks forward with so much confidence to the moral influence which this new and mighty power must exercise upon the world, that he denominates his engine the Pacificator.

Such is Mr. Toplis' own account of his invention. We have had an opportunity of inspecting the machine, and of having its construction and mode of action explained by the inventor; and notwithstanding the scepticism naturally excited by the multitude of contrivances which daily form subjects of a "nine days' wonder" to the public, and then are no more heard of, we certainly think this machine calculated to accomplish its objects. Its construction is exceedingly simple. A long tube, like the barrel of a rifle, is mounted on a swivel. The breech of this barrel communicates with a chamber in which gass is rapidly evolved by the combustion of gunpowder, so prepared that it burns without exploding. This gas rushes through the barrel, and propels the bullets, which drop into the barrel, though a funnel, from a reservoir placed above it. The barrel can be elevated or depressed or turned in any direction, with the utmost ease, so that the men who work it can discharge, with unerring aim, a stream of bullets that must destroy every thing that is exposed to it. An obvious remark occurs on looking at the smallness and lightness of this machine—that it, and the men who work it, might be blown away by a cannon-shot or two; but the inventor answers this objection by saying, that, as the most important use of the engine would be to act defensively, against invading troops, it might be easily placed in situations (such as the brow of a hill) where it could pour destruction upon the enemy without being exposed to their shot. There is nothing paradoxical in the idea that the destructive power of a warlike instrument may tend to stop the effusion of human blood; for it is evident that, if whole masses of men could be inevitably destroyed as soon as they came within a certain distance of each other, rencontres would necessarily cease. *London Paper.*

PRINTER'S COMMANDMENTS.

We recommend the following paragraphs to the particular attention of those who do not subscribe for our paper, but are in the habit of reading it. The sixth commandment should be strongly impressed on the minds of every one. For persons to read newspapers continually, without pay, ought to be made punishable by the laws—they receive the labors of the printer, without any equivalent whatever.

1. Thou shalt subscribe for a newspaper in thine own vicinity.

2. Thou shalt not take a newspaper without paying the subscription money punctually.

3. Thou shalt not steal another's articles and publish them as thy own.

4. Thou shalt not perpetrate maniac prose, or insane rhyme, and expect thy vile effusion to be published as the outpourings of youthful genius.

5. Remember the advertisements, and keep the printer blessed with a fullness thereof.

6. Thou shalt not borrow thy neighbor's newspaper, but go to him that hath to sell and buy one for thyself.

7. Thou shalt not fly in a passion when thy milk and water communication, and thy compilations of stolen thoughts, are rejected by the editor.

8. Honor thy cotemporaries of the type and quill, and always show a good example before thy brother's eyes.

9. Remember the ladies; and when thou seest thy brethren taking unto themselves helpmeets from among the fair danghters of the land, thou shalt go and do likewise, for by this means it is that the printer's subscription list increases.

10. Beware of meddlers and gossips, double-faced politicians, sea serpents, and common scolds.

GAMBLING.

It is generally known that, during the session of the Kentucky Legislature of 1832—3, a severe law was enacted against the odious and demoralizing vice of *Gambling*. This law is generally known as "Wickliffe's Law," having been introduced into the Legislature by Robert Wickliffe, esq. of Lexington, then a Senator from Fayette county.

At the present term of the Fayette circuit Court, Judge Hickey presiding, the laws against gambling were particularly adverted to in the charge to the Grand Jury, and the duty of inquiring into all cases of private, as well as public gaming, was strictly enjoined.

In pursuing the inquiries which they deemed necessary, in order to effect the object contemplated by the Legislature, the Grand Jury had various persons summoned before them, in order to give testimony; among them, Charlton Hunt, esq. Mayor of Lexington, A. K. Woodley, esq. and G. L. Postlethwaite, one of the proprietors of the Phœnix Hotel. These gentlemen refusing to answer the interrogatories propounded to them, were fined in the sum of $30 each, and ordered to jail for contempt of court.

In the interim, betwen the summons of Messrs. Hunt and Postlethwaite before the Grand Jury and the imposition of the fine and imprisonment, the Grand Jury had been dismissed for a week. On re-assembling, the charge of the judge in relation to gambling was so modified, as to make it *discretionary*, instead of *obligatory* on the Grand Jury to prosecute the inquiries enjoined in the original charge. Under the impression from the altered tone of the Judge, that witnesses would not be compelled to give testimony in case of *private* as well as professional gaming, the Grand Jury unanimously resolved that they could not effectually pursue their inquiries regarding violations of the laws against unlawful gaming, and requested to be discharged.

The Judge explained, and the witnesses having been brought before the grand Jury and refusing to answer, were fined &c. as above stated.

The Grand Jury subsequently presented another communication to the court, imputing delinquency on the part of the court in the discharge of its duties. The Judge alleged this to be a contempt, and seven of the Grand Jurors, refusing to purge themselves on oath of an *intentional censure* of the court, were fined in the sum of $40 each, and imprisoned 24 hours, for contempt.

We have been compelled, for want of room, to give this hasty and imperfect summary of a procedure which has created considerable excitement in Lexington and Fayette county. The Intelligencer of the 10th, contains a full report of the whole matter.

Maysville (Ky.) Eagle.

The following passage is extracted from a recent discourse, delivered by Mr. Gardiner, of Boston, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

"Do you ask, what has America done for science? where are the monuments of her skill? Look abroad over her vast continent; consider the magnitude of her growth in this little point of time; her feebleness, her poverty, her destitution of internal resources but 50 years ago, and how her wealth and strength, her commerce, her manufactures, her agricultural product, her cities, her mines, her roads, her canals, her rivers and lakes covered with steam boats, the ocean with her ships, and reflect how much of science is involved in the contrivance and conduct of this vast and complicated machinery, and much of this unexampled exhibition of physical philosophy to the business of life. Ask what America has done?

Why, passing by all minor matters, the successful application of steam to locomotion, begun in America, here perfected for the purposes of navigation, extended in England recently to movements upon land, is the single great invention of the age, likely to produce a change as momentous in the relations of human affairs, as the invention of gunpowder or the mariner's compass. A whole continent traversed by men and merchandize in less time than it took in the days of Pericles to communicate between Athens and Sparta, or in the time of Elizabeth to send a courier from London to Edinburgh!

It is in effect as if all the wealth, power and population of this immense territory, were drawn into the narrow compass of the Grecian Peloponnesus, or the little island of England, or the spot called Massachusetts. Whither then are fled the imagined difficulties and dangers of governing a wide spread republic? Extent of territory ceases to be weakness. Magnitude is no longer unwieldy. Distance is scarcely separation. For, in relation to the extent of empire, the true inquiry should be, not how many miles, but how many hours is it from place to place; and if we would form some adequate idea of the amazing progress of this cementing and consolidating principle, facility of intercourse, take a single fact for illustration.

At the commencement of our revolution, Washington moved to the command of the American armies from Philadelphia to this very place, where we are now assembled, with all the expedition which the means of the country could afford for himself and his train, and with no unusual cause of delay beyond a few hours of necessary retardation on the road in briefly declining the proffered civilities of places through which he passed, and he reached this point of destination on the twelfth day from his departure—the twelfth day! Even his despatches to Congress by single messengers, resting neither day nor night, were five or six days traversing this route. The same journey would now have been accomplished by the aid of an American steam boat, moving without intermission and without fatigue, in less than thirty hours; and this time, short as it is, seems not unlikely to be reduced one half, when the British application of the locomotive power shall have been extended by rail roads over the whole route. What a union and concentration is this of the scattered energies of a vast republic."

Letter from Chief Justice Marshall, in reply to an invitation to a dinner given to Mr. Senator Leigh, in Petersburg.

Richmond, Oct. 6th, 1834

Gentlemen:—I have received your polite and flattering invitation to the dinner to be given to Mr. Leigh, by his friends in Petersburg, on the 15th of this month.

United, as I have long been to that gentleman, by the ties of personal friendship, and feeling as I do the highest respect for his talents and character, I should make a point of manifesting these sentiments by accepting your kind invitation, were I not restrained by considerations which have uniformly influenced my conduct; and which I do not think myself at liberty to disregard.

I have always believed, and acted on the opinion, that the delicacy belonging to my peculiar official station, ought to prevent my engaging in the political conflicts of the day. I could not yield to the inclination I feel to show my grateful sense of the partial kindness expressed in your letter of invitation, without affording at least the appearance of departing from a rule which has been prescribed by a conviction of its propriety. I am, therefore, compelled to deny myself the pleasure of participating in the festivities of the occasion, wishing you, gentlemen, and those you represent, all the happiness you expect. I remain, your obliged and obedient servant,

J. MARSHALL.

To Messrs. George W. Harrison, and others.

A curious case.—A young fellow was taken up in the yard of a house in Boston, who was first taken for a thief; but it appears he was waiting for one of the female domestics, with whom he was acquainted. On appearing at the police office, he was found to be a young man who in the day time promenades the street, dressed in the extreme of fashion, with ruffles to his wristbands, but at nightfall he assumes the habiliments of a beggar, and goes around begging cold victuals, which he deposites in a large butter box, and carries to his home which he calls bachelor's hall. It was searched, but nothing was found excepting a trunk of elegant wearing apparel and his box of cold meats. He is said to be perfectly temperate, but incorrigibly lazy and an incurable libertine.

A Relic.—A friend has laid upon our desk a small ruler, made from one of the timbers of the ship Endeavor: the vessel in which Capt. Cook, the celebrated navigator, performed a voyage round the world, in 1767. The ship was sized Newport R. I. previous, we believe, to the revolution, and was there condemned as unseaworthy. This portion of her remains appears to have been from a stick of old English walnut: and though resembling ebony in its hue, is said to have no other coloring except what age and salt water have given it. *N. Y. Star.*

Matthias, the Impostor, says the New York Courier, now in prison waiting his trial, is daily attended by a young artist, who is busily engaged taking his portrait, which is to be engraved for publication. We were yesterday informed of a circumstance in relation to this business, which serves to exemplify the extreme vanity of this knavish lunatic. When the painter first began his task he only intended sketching a portrait of the face, but this Matthias would not permit, and insisted that the artist should draw his figure at full length, robed in his pontificals; which was accordingly done. The picture represents him in his fine embroidered coat, studded with stars, and a large silver sun on the left breast; the sword of Gideon by his side, the long rule for measuring Paradise in his right hand, and a large cocked hat, covered with a variety of strange devices, on his head. Our informant further stated, that Matthias placed himself in a variety of positions, before he could determine on one which would show his person to the most advantage. Alas for poor human nature!

It is with sincere regret, that we have to announce the death of Mr. John Adams, son of Mr. John Q. Adams. He died last Thursday, at Washington, where he had resided for the last ten years. He had been for some *time ill*, of bilious fever, and his father, apprised of his danger, hurried to Washington, and had the melancholy satisfaction of attending him in his last moments. The deceased was the second of three sons of the ex-president—the elder of whom died a few years ago, and the surviving one resides in this city. John Adams was of the class that graduated at Cambridge, in 1823. During the administration of his father, he was the President's private secretary. He was a young gentleman of superior talents and accomplishments, distinguished for his domestic and social virtues, and universally beloved by those who knew him best. If we remember correctly, he studied law with the late Mr. Wirt; under such an instructor, a person of his inquiring mind could not fail to have received a correct knowledge of the principles and practice of the law. Some years ago, he married Miss Helen, of Maryland, an amiable and accomplished young lady, and a relative of Mrs. Adams. His premature death will be a severe bereavement to his parents, and to his own domestic circle.

Boston Centinel.

Previous to the introduction of steamboats on the Mississippi, the amount of goods transported between New Orleans and the towns of Louisville and Cincinnati was only two thousand tons, carried in barges averaging 100 tons burthen, and making only one trip within the year. The amount is estimated to be at present upwards of one million of tons, the tonnage of the steamboats employed in this portion of the trade on the Ohio and Mississippi alone being 8,400, and each boat making many trips in a year. This is truly a most extraordinary increase of trade in less than twenty years, steamboats having been first introduced on the Mississippi in 1817. A part, but in proportion to the whole, a small part of this increase must be ascribed to the growth of population; and moreover the growth of population has itself been vastly accelerated by the trading facilities afforded by steamboats. *Balt. American.*

A Little Man.—A few years ago a dwarf was exhibited in London,

...tracted a great deal of attention, as he was believed to be the smallest adult of the human race ever seen; his name was Simon Raap of Haarlem, in Holland. The following description of this miniature edition of humanity, we find in an English paper. "He is 26 years of age, weighs only 27 pounds, and is only 23 inches in height. He is well made, and well proportioned for his size. He has not grown any since he was six years of age, and no cause can be assigned by the faculty. He goes through the military exercise with a gun, proportionably to his size. He prefers the house to the open air. His appearance is that of a child between four and five years of age, but his age is visible in the features of his face; his disposition is very lively, and he will hold a conversation in his own language."

Ridiculous Show.—It is stated by the London correspondent of the New York Observer, that the coat, which constitutes a part of the court dress of Prince Esterhazy, the late Austrian ambassador in England, cost £100,000 sterling, or 444,000 dollars; and he estimates the cost of the other part of the same dress in the same proportion! His whole person sparkles with jewels, and it is said that every time he wears the coat, it costs about $1,000 to restore the precious stones which are brushed and shaken off!

Anecdote of Lord Oxford.—Among his experiments of fancy was a determination to drive four red deer stags in a phæton, instead of horses; and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys on the road; but, unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were saluted with the cry of hounds, which, soon after crossing the ground in the rear, caught scent of the "four in hand," and commenced a new kind of chase, with "breast high" alacrity. The novelty of the scene was rich beyond description. In vain did his lordship exert all his charioteering skill; in vain did his well trained grooms endeavor to ride before them; reins, trammels, and weight of the carriage, were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind; and this modern Phæton, in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily, however, his lordship had been accustomed to drive this set of "fiery eyed steeds" to the Ram Inn, at Newmarket, which was most happily at hand, and to this his lordship's most fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed. Into the yard they suddenly bounded, to the dismay of ostlers and stable boys, who seemed to have lost every faculty upon the occasion. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stags, the phæton, and his lordship, were all instantaneously huddled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

AUTUMN.

"See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground."

This is the season of reflection—as often as it steals round we are imperceptibly and gently carried back to days of yore. The country village, the pedagogue, and the school room where we learnt the hymn of which we have quoted the two first lines, are all fresh in our mind—it was a Sunday's task; and we remember how well the solemnity of the day, and the subdued whispers of the boys within, accorded with the melancholy that reigned over nature without.

Autumn is to man, what the chisel of the aged sculptor in Old Mortality was to the moss covered tombs—it recalls those scenes whose outlines are dimly traced and fading from recollection, and stamps them anew upon the tablet of memory. We lose, however, in the city, much of that impressive lesson which nature is now reading to the husbandman, and but ill appreciate the great change which is going on in the natural world; and if here and there a tree with its spread foliage be present, yet the eye rests upon it but momentarily, and we are hurried on to the transaction of business without even an opportunity to "take note of time by its passage."

The silken cords of Hope, which in the spring time bind us to the future, are now loosed, to give freer tension to the golden chain of memory that links us with the past—we may now dwell upon the bright and dark picture of time travelled, and review its chance and change—we may think of buried friends; of blighted expectations; of resolutions made and broken; of the evil done, and the good left unfinished; for such thoughts are in unison with the external world.

Autumn speaks its warning alike to him who has just commenced the journey of life, and to him who has travelled far into the vale of years; to the youth it says, your bounding march must soon be changed for the measured steps of age; and to age, each heavy tread is slowly but certainly advancing you to the grave. Happy and wise then will he be, who always lives as though in the autumn of life; contributing continually to the happiness of his fellow beings, he will never feel the reproaches which attend the last moments of the uncharitable man; living always uprightly, his last hours will be embittered by no unavailing solicitude; but when, "like a shock of corn fully ripe, he is gathered into the garner," his end will be that of the righteous.

Bangor Whig.

HILLSBOROUGH,

Friday, November 14.

The publication of the Recorder has been delayed this week two days, in consequence of indisposition.

The elections were held in the state of New York on the three first days of last week. We have not yet seen any of the returns; but in the city, we believe, the administration party has prevailed by perhaps a small majority.

Garret D. Wall, a Jackson man, has been elected by the legislature of New-Jersey to the Senate of the United States, by a majority of seven votes over Mr. Frelinghuysen, the present incumbent.

Governor Vroom has been re-elected governor for the ensuing year.

Henry D. Gilpin, of Pennsylvania, has been appointed by the President of the United States to be Governor of the territory of Michigan, in place of George B. Porter, deceased.

We are requested to state, that the Bridge across Crabtree, at Nicholls' mills, is completed, and passable for all kinds of vehicles. *Raleigh Star.*

The interval between this and the time for the meeting of the Legislature is so short, that we understand it is not deemed proper to call together the Executive Council to fill the vacancy in the Comptroller's Department, occasioned by the lamented death of the late incumbent. *Ib.*

Cholera.—The Board of Health of Petersburg report 53 new cases and 5 deaths, from the 22d to the 29th Oct.

We are highly gratified to learn from the Washington papers of Friday last, that on that day there was not a single case of Cholera in town, and that all alarm had subsided. The Board of Health reports that, during the week ending on the 30th ultimo, there were 3 cases and 2 deaths. *Ib.*

PETERSBURG, November 6.

In consequence of the late hour at which the returns of the physicians were received the report of the board of health was not made up at their meeting yesterday; but having seen all the returns, we are enabled to state that but nine cases have occurred since the report of Saturday, viz: 1 white and 8 blacks; of these two blacks have died. The great decrease of cases in this report compared with that of Saturday last, will be a satisfactory assurance to our country friends that the disease is rapidly disappearing. *Intelligencer.*

Cholera.—We are happy to state that there is now no longer any doubt that the Cholera has entirely left us. It is 13 days since the last case occurred. We may therefore look back upon it as among the things that were. *Washington (N C.) Whig.*

Third term.—The editor of the Nashville Banner denies "without fear of contradiction," the assertion of the Natchez Courier, that Gen. Jackson said that to save the country, he would consent to serve a third term.

Mr. Wyer, who carried out the ratification, by our government, of the late convention with Spain, has returned from Madrid with the Spanish ratification of the treaty. Mr. W. has also brought out a large collection of documents obtained from the French government relative to the claims under the convention with France, which the Globe states will be immediately communicated to the commissioners. The New York Journal of Commerce says these documents do not change the aspect of the affairs between the two governments. *Ral. Star.*

Judge Duval.—We regret to learn, says the New York Journal of Commerce, that Judge Duval, of the Supreme Court of the United States, has determined to resign his office, and will probably not take his seat on the bench again. The reason is, the growing infirmities of age, which, though they do not disqualify him in the opinion of others, for the discharge of the duties of his high office, do, in his own opinion, render the determination proper, to which he has arrived.

Extract of a letter dated,

WASHINGTON CITY, October 17.

"The Senate Committee on the Post Office have adjourned, and I am told that each member has been constituted a committee to examine into such matters as may be deemed proper for investigation in the vicinity of his own residence, for which each has departed. I presume that the whole will re-assemble previous to the meeting of Congress, for the purpose of receiving and examining the individual reports, and preparing the general report. The committee of the House are still sitting, and, it is surmised, will continue to sit until the meeting of Congress.

"The exposures which have taken place concerning the frauds on the Pension Office, and the suicide of Mr. Temple, of Vermont, have shocked us exceedingly. Mr. Temple was an almost annual visiter to the city, had the *entree* to our fashionable parties, and was generally accompanied by a daughter, whose beauty, modesty and grace, gained her universal favor. There is a deep feeling of sympathy for this beautiful girl, and the rest of Mr. Temple's family."

It is said that the family of the late Robert Temple, of Vermont, have resolved to refund to government, so far as his estate will admit of it, all the money he may have wrongfully obtained.

The West.—The Paoli (Indiana) Patriot, says, "We learn from a gentleman who arrived in town yesterday, that on his way between this place and Vicennes, a distance of about 65 miles, he met four hundred wagons, moving emigrating families to the western part of this, and the states of Illinois and Missouri. This fact alone proves to our eastern friends that the west is rapidly increasing in wealth and population. Success to trade!!"

Lexington, Ky. October 31.

Extraordinary Incident.—A gentleman in the neighborhood of this city, in riding across his farm a few days since, was suddenly surprised and alarmed to find his horse gradually sinking into the earth. He instantly leaped from the animal, and by so doing his own life was providentially saved. The horse continued to sink lower and lower into the earth, until he had descended one hundred and fifty feet. At this point, he became wedged between two masses of rock, and was crushed to death. The chasm or fissure, we are told, appears to have been formed, by the separation of the earth and rock in some convulsion of nature. The width of the fissure at the surface we have not learned, but it was covered with a thin soil, which commenced giving way as soon as the weight of the gentleman and his horse was added to it. *Intelligencer.*

Portsmouth and Roanoke Rail Road.—The Norfolk Beacon says, "It is almost reduced to a certainty, that within twelve months from this date, the entire route to Weldon will have been completed; and the Portsmouth and Roanoke Rail Road will demonstrate the successful enterprise of our people."

A sojourner at St. Augustine writes—"I am fully satisfied that the climate of East Florida is more uniform than in any other part of the United States; and so far as atmosphere is concerned in the restoration of the invalid, it far surpasses France or Italy, if the statements of Johnson, Matthews, and other travellers are to be relied on."

Unparalleled Speed—The New York papers were received in this city yesterday morning, by the Camden and Amboy Rail Road, *in four hours and three quarters.* The steamboat left New York about seven o'clock, and the papers reached this city before twelve. *Poulson's Adv.*

The Wheeling Times states that most of the individuals against whom indictments, for frauds in the Pension Department, were found, at the late term of the District Court of Western Virginia, have fled the country. It is said they have gone to Texas.

We learn by the Augusta (Maine) paper, that the Anti-Slave Convention, which was held there last week, was addressed by the itinerant foreign missionary, Thompson, who lately arrived in this country, in language so indecent and vituperative of our institutions, that a meeting of the citizens was convoked, and this impertinent intruder requested to change his quarters and leave the town, which he accordingly did. *Nat. Int.*

Wm. Prince & Sons, proprietors of the Linnæan Garden and Nurseries at Flushing, have requested us to state that their new catalogues of Trees, Plants, and Seeds, *with reduced prices*, will be sent *gratis* to every applicant throughout the United States, and elsewhere: and they ask the favor of all editors of newspapers to announce the fact, believing it will also be satisfactory intelligence to their subscribers. *N.Y. American.*

LATE FROM LISBON.

Death of Don Pedro—The ship Manchester, is below at the port, from Lisbon, from whence she sailed Sept. 26. Don Pedro died Sept 24. A new Ministry has been formed, at the head of which is the Duke Palmella—no other news of interest—all is quiet. *Poulson's Da. Adv.*

Manufactories in Pitsburg—The manufacturing establishments of Pittsburg are thus briefly enumrated in a late number of the Gazette of that city.

There are (says that paper) in the city of Pittsburg, 16 Foundies and Engine Factories of the largest denomination, besides numerous other stablishments of less magnitude.

There are 9 Rolling Mills, cutting 2 tons of Nails and rolling 8 tons of Iron per day, on the average, and employing from 70 to 90 hands each.

There are 6 Cotton Factories with an aggregate of 20,000 spindles, 116 power looms, and 770 hands.

6 extensive White Lead Factories.

5 extensive Breweries, besides small ones.

6 Steam Saw Mills.

4 Steam Grist Mills.

10 extensive Glass Works.

Upwards of 100 Steam Engines in full operation. There are moreover innumerable establishments for the manufacture of Ploughs, Timber, Wheels, Screws of all kinds, Saddle Trees, Machine Cards, Bells, Brass Works of every description, Locks, &c. all manufactured extensively for exportation.

From the Fayetteville Observer.

Cape Fear, Yadkin & Pee Dee Rail Road Company.

The stockholders of this company held their annual meeting yesterday, when the president made his report, and the treasurer exhibited the amount of the receipts and disbursements from the commencement of the work to the present time. We hope in our next to lay before our readers an extract from these reports—the lateness of the hour at which they have been received, prevents our doing so to day. Pursuant to a provision of the charter, the stockholders elected seven directors, who are to manage the concerns of the company for the next twelve months, viz: James Seawell, Hugh Campbell, sr. Lewis Brown, Edward W. Wilkings, Dr. Thomas N. Cameron, James Hart, and Dr. Hiram Robinson. Previous to adjourning, Dr. Cameron presented the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, and on motion of Mr. E. L. Winslow, ordered to be printed.

Whereas, the advantages to be derived from the use of Rail Roads as a means of intercommunication between distant parts of the state, is apparent, and the success which has attended the effort in other states, leaves no room for doubt as to its practicability. And whereas, the people of North Carolina are labouring under all the disadvantages which arise from the want of commercial depots within their own borders, and the means of easy access to them; and that in consequence thereof, the commercial and agricultural interests of the state are languishing, her population diminishing, and as a necessary consequence, her wealth and importance impaired. Therefore,

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this meeting, it is important to the future interests and prosperity of the state, that a liberal system of Internal Improvements should be adopted by the Legislature.

Resolved, as the opinion of this meeting, That the most efficient mode of accomplishing this object, is for the state to subscribe for two-fifths of the stock in such works of internal improvement as are likely to be beneficial to the state and to the communities immediately interested in their construction; and that this meeting believes, that no work of a similar character would be more likely to prove advantageous, than the contemplated Rail Road from the Cape Fear River at Fayetteville, to the western counties.

Resolved, That a committee of five persons be appointed, who shall prepare a memorial to the next General Assembly, praying that honorable body to devise some plan or system of improvement, by which the best interests of the state may be protected, and her citizens relieved from the serious difficulties under which they at present labour, and that the same be presented to the citizens of this town and county for their signatures.

MARRIED,

On the 23d ultimo, Mr. NATHANIEL G. DURHAM, of Caswell, to Miss MARY ROSE, daughter of Duncan Rose, esq. of Person county.

DIED,

In this county, on Wednesday the 12th instant, Dr. JOHN ALLEN.

In the city of Raleigh, on the 3d instant, Col. JAMES GRANT, Comptroller of Public Accounts.

At Petersburg, on the 28th ultimo, of bilious fever, Mr. THOMAS THOMPSON, merchant of Pittsborough, N. C. Mr. T. arrived at Petersburg from the north a day or two before his death, in an extremely debilitated state.

Dr. Washington Dorsey,

HAS located himself in Hillsborough, and respectfully offers his professional services to the inhabitants of the town and surrounding country, and asks a share of their patronage.

He may be found at his office, (the former store house of Mr. David Yarbrough) on the public square, or at his dwelling house just in the rear of the same.

November 11. 47—8w

POSTPONED SALE.

THE Sale heretofore advertised to take place at the home plantation of WM. CAIN, Senr. deceased, on the 13th instant, is postponed until Monday the 24th instant; and at the Mill, the Friday following. The things to be sold at the Mill will consist of Wheat, Corn, Sows and Pigs. &c.

November 11. 47—

NOTICE.

THIS is to certify that I give my son THOMAS HARGIS, free privilege to transact business for himself, from this day and forever. Given under my hand.

THOMAS HARGIS.

November 11. 47—3wp

A Protracted Meeting will be held at Mars Hill, commencing on the Friday before the fifth Sunday in November next, and continue four days. Ministers and brethren are invited to attend.

October 15. 43—

UNION HOTEL,

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C.

MARY A. PALMER & SON,

LATE proprietors of the "Travellers' Inn," respectfully inform their former customers and the public, that they have purchased from Col. Samuel Child, that large and commodious establishment known as the

"UNION HOTEL,"

in the town of HILLSBOROUGH, and that in future it will be conducted by them. Having thus located themselves, permanently, every exertion will be made to promote the comfort and convenience of those who may favor them with their custom. Their charges will be moderate and suited to the times. The line of Stages passing through Hillsborough stop at their House, where seats can be taken. They hope, by rendering themselves deserving by their attention to their business, to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

MARY A. PALMER,
JAMES M. PALMER.

November 9th. 47—

SPLENDID SCHEME!!!

NORTH-CAROLINA
STATE LOTTERY.
5th CLASS, FOR 1834.

To be Drawn in the City of Raleigh,
On Friday the 28th of November 1834,

ON THE POPULAR
Terminating-Figure System

Stevenson & Points,
Managers.

CAPITAL PRIZE, {$7,000!

SCHEME.

1 Prize of	$7,000	is	$7,000
1 Prize of	4,000	is	4,000
1 Prize of	3,000	is	3,000
1 Prize of	2,000	is	2,000
10 Prizes of	1,000	is	10,000
10 Prizes of	500	is	5,000
10 Prizes of	300	is	3,000
15 Prizes of	200	is	3,000
50 Prizes of	100	is	5,000
100 Prizes of	50	is	5,000
135 Prizes of	30	is	4,050
200 Prizes of	20	is	4,000
330 Prizes of	15	is	4,950
6,000 Prizes of	10	is	60,000
6,000 Prizes of	6	is	36,000
6,000 Prizes of	4	is	24,000
18,864 Prizes, amounting to			$180,000

Whole Tickets, . . $4
Halves, ... 2
Quarters, ... 1

☞ Tickets to be had of
ALLEN PARKS, *Agent*,
HILLSBOROUGH, NORTH CAROLINA.

November 4 46—

NOTICE.

THIS is to certify that I, Wm. Brinkley, have made and appointed CHESLEY F. FAUCETT my lawful agent to settle all my business in this state. Orange County, North Carolina, this the 17th of October, 1834.

WM. BRINKLEY.

November 4. 46—3w

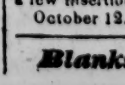
NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber, are requested to make immediate payment to DR. E. STRUDWICK, who is my agent.

WM. F. STRUDWICK.

November 4. 46—

Plantation For Sale.



THE PLANTATION belonging to the Rev. John Witherspoon, and on which he lately resided, about one mile and a quarter from town, is offered for sale. The Plantation contains about six hundred acres, is very pleasantly situated, has on it a very good Dwelling House, and all necessary Out Houses, and some very good meadow. Persons desirous of purchasing can view the premises. For terms apply to

EDMUND STRUDWICK.

November 4. 46—

RAN AWAY

FROM the subscriber, without any just cause, on the third day of October last, a bound boy by the name of *PETER INGOLD*, about fifteen years and eight months old. All persons are forwarned from harboring or employing him under the penalty of the law. A reward of five cents will be given to any person who shall return him to the subscriber, but no expenses paid nor thanks.

SAMUEL COBLE.

October 17th. 45—3wp

Sunday School or Family LIBRARY.

THE Publications of the American Sunday School Union, now amounting to 102 Books in paper cover and 256 Books bound, suitable for Juvenile, Family and Sunday School Libraries; furnishing a large amount of interesting and instructive matter, all having been examined and approved by the Committee of Publication, composed of an equal number of members of the Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian and Baptist Churches, (any one of whom by his *single* vote can expunge any sentence he pleases) can be obtained at the following named Depositories in this State, (N. C.)

Raleigh—Turner & Hughes
Fayetteville—James Miller
Wilmington—Geo. E. French
Newbern—J. C. & M. Stevenson
Oxford—R. J. Yancy, jr.
Milton—Margaret Smith
Salem—Conrad Kruiser
Hillsborough—Dr. Jas. Webb
Greensborough—W. R. D. Lindsay
Salisbury—J. J. Blackwood (at Col. Lemley's
Charlotte—David Parks
Statesville—Alexander & Cowan
Morganton—L. Henderson.

Editors in the state favorable to the instruction of Youth, are requested to give the above a few insertions in their papers.

October 12. 45—

Blanks for sale at this Office.

FROM THE DOWNING GAZETTE.

I saw a tender floweret bend
  Beneath the sweeping blast,
The frail stem like an aspen shook
  As the wild wind o'er it past:
But soon the storm had passed away,
  And the air was warm and bright,
And the floweret raised its drooping head,
  More lovely to the sight.
The soft wind dried the drops away,
  That on its petals gleamed,
And round the floweret's hallowed spot,
  The air more balmy seemed.

Thus, though around the Christian's path,
  May gather many a storm,
He humbly bows to Him who said,
  "Be still," and all was calm.
And all that tries the Spirit's faith,
  But lifts it nearer Heaven,
Spreads radiant hues of love around,
  More blest for having striven.

From the Lady's Book.

The Podesta's Daughter.

About four leagues distant from Savona, and on the road to Genoa, there is a pretty little spot, rather dark and secluded by reason of the dense shade of the forest that surrounds it; massive chestnuts and gigantic elms embowering the path, and mingling their leaves in a lofty arch of verdure. At the extremity of this woody avenue rises an immense rock, which at first sight appears to block up the passage; but on coming up within a few feet of the precipice, the road curves suddenly around a projecting angle, and after describing a semi-circle, resumes its original course. A few stunted plants clinging to the side of the rock evidence the struggles of vegetation, but the summit is entirely barren, and presents a bold black edge against the clear blue of the heavens.

About three hundred years ago, when the Republic of Genoa was powerful among nations—when her superb gonfalon floated high amidst the banners of Christendom—and when her galleys were known by them of the Crescent, and feared by Venice herself, as they haughtily swept the Adriatic, an event occurred in this quiet and retired scene sufficiently striking to be long held in remembrance, and bearing on it the impress of the manners and habits peculiar to the age.

A party of travellers to Genoa approached this valley on the morning of a bright summer day. In front rode two armed men on strong war-horses, that champed the bit and arched their necks proudly, as their riders held them in to the slow and easy gait of those who followed. On a small, light-limbed and graceful Spanish jennet rode a young girl of exceeding beauty; and at her side ambled lazily a sleek-sided, easy pacing mule, bearing a personage whose habiliments, no less than the plenitude of his proportions and unctuous visage, indicated an ecclesiastic high in office. Several female attendants followed; and two horsemen fully equipped, formed the rear of the escort. Full glad were the travellers to enter beneath the cool branches that overhung the valley, for the sun was gaining the meridian, and beamed with a torrid fierceness.

"But tell me, uncle," said the lady, "why call you this the Valley of the Rock?"

"Look before you, fair niece," replied his reverence, pointing at the same time to the dark mass which now suddenly reared its huge form as it seemed in the very path.

The lady gazed but a brief space ere admiration gave way to surprise: a Moorish chieftain, swarthy as a demon, stood on the very verge of the precipice, his black gigantic figure swelling in bold relief on the bright sky beyond; while the sun, flashing on his green turban, his richly jewelled vest and broad Damascene sabre, heightened the fearful grandeur of his appearance. A fear came upon all; the lady trembled as she met the bold glance of the stranger, and sat motionless, inwardly presaging some sudden evil.

The Moor waved his sabre, and, as by magic impulse, there issued from the tangled copse the dark and savage corsairs of the ocean. Not a word was spoken; but there was the flashing of serpent-like eyes and the rapid gleaming of sabres ere they closed on the travellers. The men-at-arms died as brave men die, sword in hand and face to heaven; the uncle Cardinal's "de profundis" prevailed not—and his deep full voice that so oft had thundered in the church of St. John a Latere, now died away before the sons of Islam. The fair girl was surrounded by beings before whose wild glances her heart quailed with an agony of fear; but as yet they touched her not, nor seized the fleet little courser on which she sat trembling as an aspen leaf.

Presently came from behind the Rock their captain, mounted on a superb destrier; as he approached the lady he spoke a few words to his followers, and they passed off towards the sea, bearing with them their prisoners; and the lady and the pirate alone remained.

"And now, pearl of my heart, know that I had been advised of thy intended passage to Genoa; and if men had told me false of thy beauty, still should the proud Podesta have paid heavy ransom—but, by Allah! thou art beautiful as"—The corsair ceased, and his black orbs flashed as if listening to some unwelcome sound. Indistinct at first and distant, it grew nearer and more near: it was the rushing of a heavy steed. The Moor cast one glance where his faithful followers had disappeared, and then was aware of a Christian Knight, armed in proof, spurring his charger as on matter of life or death. "He seeks not us, lady," said the Moor; "stand we aside until he pass;"—and reigning back the two coursers, he awaited the coming warrior with a stern and collected watchfulness.

The knight came on—paused not in his wild career—and had already passed, when the lady, in the quick impulse of despair, bent forward and cried, "For the Holy Virgin's sake, sir knight, save me!"

Nothing had he noted as his fiery steed whirled along in rapid course, but that cry thrilled through him with its plaintive tone; and riding up he beheld with suprise the lovely girl, her little hands clasped in supplication, and her large dark eyes wild with terror.

"Save *thee*, lady! aye, by St. Jude! were——Ha! traitor!"

Sparks flew from the flashing steel, as the Moor, tiger-like, sprang upon him; and truly at first the knight bore back from the fearful sweep of the Moslem's sabre. Cool and self-possessed, however, he parried with consummate skill each furious stroke, and suffered his foe to exhaust his energy in fruitless assault. Fierce, athletic and powerful, the Moor had ever been victorious in combat; and now that he had met his equal, his burning rage and indignation knew no bounds. Suddenly the knight, raising aloft his good blade, rose to the blow, and struck as Cœur-de-Lion struck for the sepulchre. In vain the Moor raised his arm to check his coming fate: the blue steel came down, shearing with keen and smiting edge full through his nervous wrist, and buried itself deep in his turbaned forehead. A stifled curse, and his eyes asumed the ghastly stony gaze of death; his powerful frame slowly reeled in the saddle, and falling heavily to the earth, the gigantic corsair lay a cold unconscious corpse.

"Another heathen dog to Eblis," muttered the knight; and raising his vizor he approached the lady: there she sat, pale with contending emotions, not a thought of flight had urged her to leave the bloody scene, but spell-bound by something more than fear, she had looked on with a high wrought excitement, like a Phidian sculpture, beautiful and motionless.

But now that the knight, with courtly phrase and no small eloquence, begged her to dispose of her faithful servant, the quick blood rushed up, tinging her face with blushes; and with a tremulous voice she thanked her preserver, and hastened to tell him that her father, the Podesta of Genoa, had sent his brother, the Cardinal Guiseppe, and a small escort, to the Abbey of San Marco in quest of her; that although she was well satisfied to remain with the sweet sisters and the indulgent mother abbess, yet understanding from her uncle that Genoa was a pearl among cities, and might be termed a paradise on earth, she had consented to accompany him; that they had met no molestation until they had entered the Valley of the Rock; that a band of corsairs had attacked them, killed the men at arms, and carried off captive all but herself;—adding, that his valor interposing in her behalf, entitled him to her grateful thanks, and that her father the Podesta would be eager to evince——

"Nay, lady," interrupted the warrior, "you may thank me, for you know me not; as to your father, the Senor Pietro would hardly forgive even this service, done by *me*, to the house of Spinola." A sardonic smile for a moment curled his handsome lip, and he was silent.

A few moments elapsed—and not until the young girl felt her blood warming under his bold and passionate gaze, he resumed, "Now for Genoa, gentle lady; and spare not your palfry:—these pirates may take thought to seek their leader, and the Podesta's daughter were worth her weight in gold."

No answer was returned; and in a moment both knight and lady were riding rapidly towards Genoa. They wheeled around the base of the massive Rock, and the Valley rung with the quick tread of the jennet and the thundering tramp of the war horse; on they swept through the open country beyond with a headlong speed that bore them far beyond pursuit; and that evening, when the moon shone full on the southern front of the ducal palace, there walked on the terrace, musing in silence, Pietro Spinola, the Podesta of Genoa. The old man was not alone, but ever and anon he looked proudly and affectionately at the young and fair creature who walked beside him—his daughter.

She had told her father of the perils past, and now restored to him she clung to him with a confiding fondness that warmed the old man's heart with unwonted tenderness. Yet full of joy and affection as was the countenance of Senor Pietro, by times a shade of doubt darkened his bold features, as if some uncleared mystery was presented to his imagination;—without directly addressing himself to his daughter, his thoughts at first found utterance as follows:

"A good knight and a daring, by St. Joseph!—Strange that he should avoid our presence. Your good nurse Teresa said that he passed, visor down, from the gate like lightning. Marked you not his crest? wore he no favor?"

"Nay, father, I marked him not, save that his speech was noble and courteous, and he bore a princely look."

The Podesta looked at his daughter earnestly, and observed a slight blush stealing over her countenance as she spoke. Such an indication of interest in an object to him unknown, produced no very agreeable feelings; slight as it was, circumstances might induce a further development that would materially interfere with his projects of alliance. No further allusion, however, was made to this subject; and when, as they parted for the night, the old man pressed his lips to his daughter's clear and noble brow, her affectionate words seemed to awaken the memory of days long forgotten, a rush of pleasing though mournful recollections came o'er his soul, and his last glance of paternal pride, saddened it might be with dim and shadowy apprehension, was yet full of deep and confiding affection.

The survivors of the escort of the lady Julia, including her uncle Cardinal, had been conducted rapidly to the water's edge, where a long raking corsair-looking brigantine lay close in, hidden as much as possible from observation, her sharp bowsprit running in amongst the trees, and part of her crew, swarthy turbaned fellows, evidently awaiting the return of their comrades. An hour had passed away, and every thing had become as still as night. There lay the vessel, her white sails scarcely moving in the languid air, and on her heated deck stood a solitary sentinel; his gaze was occasionally thrown over the waters now gleaming with the bright sun, and would then suddenly and earnestly be directed to the deep woods before him. Suddenly a long low whistle came from the forest; the sentry repeated the signal, and in a few minutes the deck was covered with the swart forms of the sturdy barbarians, and every eye was turned on shore.

Slowly emerging from the tangled copse came four men, their stern and warlike features subdued and awe-struck by some sudden and passionate sorrow: they had found their chief as he lay in the Valley, his sabre still grasped in death, and blood stiffening on his grim features; they had raised him sadly from his last field of battle, and now as they approached the bark, powerful and athletic as they were their knees trembled under the burden of the gigantic corpse.

Another hour, and the wind had risen on the rippled waters; the sun was sinking beneath the wave, and the brigantine lay a rapid course, her sails filled and spars bending to the strong breeze, and her prow rushing on through whitening foam. Far away she stretched o'er the blue waters; and then the moon, riding high in the heavens, had silvered each swelling surge, and cast a pure soft light on her solitary path, the vessel again lay almost motionless on the sea—again those dark figures peopled her crowded deck, and there was a sudden gleam of sabres, and a vow of vengeance on every lip; a large mass was heaved from the ship's side, and the pirate chieftain sank heavily to his ocean grave.

The day had been sultry at Genoa—the air was still and languid, barely stirring the long glossy leaf of the olive; the bay lay calm and motionless, and the sun, now declining in the west, cast an unbroken track of light along the surface of the waters. At this hour, that luxurious and dreaming tranquillity so peculiar to the Italian siesta, reigned throughout the magnificent palace of the Podesta.

In the noble apartment commanding on the south a view of the bay, glittering like an immense mirror in the effulgence of the setting sun reclined the lady Julia. She was, in truth, of rare and exceeding loveliness—a figure sylph like, but ripening into the most voluptuous beauty; a perfect little foot, seemingly formed but to tread on silk and velvet; a hand that wore the smallest glove in Genoa; a mouth fashioned by nature never to smile in vain, and eyes of a most touching beauty, belonged to this bewitching creature. She inherited, too, no little of her father's haughtiness: but it misbecame her not, for she ever bore with her a queenly majesty. There she sat, playfully tossing in her hand a necklace of rich pearls with that listless musing on nothing which has so much the semblance of deep thought, when she suddenly bethought her that she had been exactly one month in Genoa. And she remembered her own little cell at the convent, and the pure and gentle sisters, who shuddered when they spoke of the sinful world for which she had left them; and then her father, nought but joy and pride was wont to sparkle in his dark eye when in those peaceful days her bounding step met him at the portal of the abbey; and she had watched the cloud that often gathered on his princely brow, and had seen the fond gaze of affection succeeded by the anxious and restless glance of a mind ill at ease.

And then she thought that of all the gallant knights and gay courtiers that fluttered around her path and vowed eternal devotion to her charms, none had so noble a form and so proud a step as the unknown cavalier whom she had met in the forest near Savona; that passionate gaze that had suffused her cheek with crimson was still impressed on her memory; that deep manly voice still rang in her ear with its thrilling and well remembered melody. But after all, why should she think of him, whom she had seen but once, and whom she might never see again! This most philosophical reflection was accompanied by a sigh, and the lady looked out again upon the waters, where the sun had set, and the surface was freshened into little ripples, and the light pendants of the pirogues were beginning to flutter in the evening breeze. A light step in the apartment awakened her attention.

"Teresa," said the young lady very languidly, "what think you of this band of pearls?"

"Happy in enriching thy neck, fair lady," replied a voice that thrilled to her very heart with its rich tone.

At her feet knelt the stranger knight; those bright eyes, that with a passionate daring had caused the warm blood to rush to her brow with a quick unwonted tide, were raised to her face in respectful admiration, and anon veiled by their dark lashes, as if awe struck by her matchless beauty. That graceful form, sought in vain when light and music filled the princely hall, now bowed before her. How hurriedly did her heart beat, but not with fear; there was a fascination in his voice that held her almost breathless, for he spoke of love, and his passionate words fell on her ear like music.

He feared that his presumptuous daring might well call forth a frown on her queenly brow. The lady Julia spoke not, but here she raised her eyes in one timid glance; it must have said somewhat, for her lover ventured to take her little hand, which trembled but withdrew not as he pressed it to his lips; even when that hand was released, for a brief space she feared to look up: when she did, twilight was darkening the rich apartment, and she was alone.

It was about this time that an army from France, led by the celebrated Gaston de Foix, whose heroic valor and chivalric daring, (united to a promptness of apprehension and depth of judgment exceeded perhaps but in one instance of modern greatness,) achieved victories by many ascribed to magic, was rapidly approaching Genoa. France and the proud Republic were nominally at peace; but the Podesta feared every thing from the martial ambition of the young warrior, and neglected naught calculated to assure the safety of Genoa.

Two days had passed, and many a wearied scout had returned, bearing no further tidings of the French; naught could be discovered from the tops of those hills, that seem to rise as they recede from the fair city purposely to check the sharp and biting winds that come careering from the north: they now remained solitary in all the beauty of their sunny verdure.

Reports now circulated that Count Gaston had marched upon Milan; the hurried anxiety and perturbation that had fallen suddenly upon the Genoese, were dismissed with a feeling of much relief. Gradually all apprehension vanished; evening came on, and the moon arose, flooding hill and spire with siver radiance. The Podesta, nevertheless, placed sentinels on wall and turret, muttering as he did so, peradventure to encourage the timid among the watchers, "'Tis but a form; yet give heed to yonder hills."

His highness retired; and for the space of an hour, never was watch kept up with more unceasing vigilance by veteran soldiers, than by the sober citizens who had been appointed to this post of alarm. Each distant object, as it lay bright and clear in the moon-light, was subjected to the most rigid scrutiny; not a tree waved its long boughs in the breeze, but it was noted with a cautious and prudent investigation. Nothing appeared to excite the least alarm; and as it waxed towards the time when men are wont to repair to the couch of slumber, the most vigorous watchers began evidently to relax in their efforts.

Later and still later, and their eye-lids grew heavy; ever and anon would one start up and gaze with a desperate effort on the hills that lay stretched calm and bright before him; the night breeze came soothingly with its gentle murmur to the drowsy sentinels. One and another sank down, folding their ample cloaks around their well filled persons, each bidding his fellow to arouse him on the slightest alarm;—each moment the contagion spread, and ere midnight deep sleep had fallen upon the watchers of Genoa.

Early in the morning the Podesta walked forth; no alarm had been given—the night had passed in uninterrupted stillness, and now he doubted not that the conquering de Foix had led his troops on to the south, when he suddenly stopped with an exclamation of surprise. Before him, on those very hills, which but a few hours since had shown a solitary verdant surface to the mellow moonlight, now encamped thousands of warriors. The sun brightened the white tents that chequered the green mounds, flashed from every moving casque and spear, and revealed in the ample silken folds that on a loftier eminence waved heavily in the light morning air, a spotless and snow white field, the banner of Gaston de Foix.

At noon, an envoy from the camp demanded audience from the Podesta; his mission, though courteously expressed, was briefly this: the noble Count Gaston was desirous of guaranteeing the peace between France and Genoa by forming an alliance with the illustrious house of Spinola,—the lady Julia was beautiful and worthy of the celebrated Gaston—the dowry would be left to the generosity of the Podesta. In addition to this, the envoy intimated that a refusal might be attended with disagreeable consequences—to wit, the capture and sacking of Genoa.

The indignation of the Podesta may be readily imagined; he dissembled his wrath, however, being well aware of the defenceless state of the city, and begged some brief space to confer with his daughter touching the proposal. Hardly had the envoy departed, when he bent his steps towards the lady Julia's apartment. Musing as he went, politician like, he began to calculate, what at first he had overlooked, the advantages of such an alliance: with the aid and influence of this redoubted warrior, the Republic might well bid defiance to any foe; and personal animosity, he wisely concluded, ought never to endanger the welfare of the state. Having come to this decision, he despatched a messenger to the camp signifying his assent to the proposals, and suggesting that evening for the celebration of the nuptial ceremony.

An unthought of obstacle now opposed his wishes: his daughter, instead of manifesting joy at the communication of her approaching union, in the most decided terms expressed her aversion to the noble Count. In vain the Podesta urged the fame, the magnificence, and the accomplishments of this celebrated chief; her resolution was unshaken; but when she was told that upon her compliance depended the safety of Genoa, perhaps the very life of her father, she trembled with excessive emotion, shedding many and bitter tears.

Without comprehending the secret cause of her grief, yet unable to withstand her imploring looks, the old man sternly muttered: "My own life sooner," then addressing her, "Cheer, thee, my daughter," said he, "we must e'en fight this rude suitor."

Even as he spoke his countenance fell, for defend himself he could not. Ere long, the fair city of Genoa would be given up to plunder and destruction, and his own palace be violated by a licentious foe. The lady Julia marked his anguish, and throwing herself into his arms, exclaimed in hurried accents, "Father! I will marry this Count Gaston."

It was immediately bruited throughout Genoa that the famous Captain Gaston de Foix was that very night to wed the fair daughter of Podesta; and hearts that sank with dread of sack and slaughter, now beat joyously at the glad news. The citizens donned their holiday apparel, the houses shone with light, and the streets echoed with festal music. In the sumptuous palace of Spinola every thing breathed an air of princely splendour.

But the lady Julia was not a happy bride; in the very chamber in which she first listened to the voice of love, she sat pale, sad and motionless; decked with many a rare and costly gem, she awaited in mournful silence the coming of the bridegroom. She seemed to be looking out upon the bay; it may be she saw it not, for a tear slowly gathered in her large dark eye. Again that unknown cavalier stood before her; how or whence he came she wist not; her heart had in time past beat hurriedly as she heard his voice—now she listened sadly to his low and earnest tones. He urged immediate flight; escape was easy—a well manned galley lay waiting in the bay;—falling at her feet, he besought her with all the eloquence of love, to "shun these hated nuptials"

With anguish on her fair features, she explained her father's danger, resisting his persuasive words with a melancholy firmness. "Here," said she, "we meet no more. Sayest thou I love not?—have this confession if thou wilt: the hour of parting bitterly reveals that my heart has too long and too fondly dwelt on thee."

As she spoke, a firm and measured tread was heard; the lady shuddered with apprehension—her lover with a mysterious smile fondly clasped her waist, and seemed madly determined to face the intruder. The Podesta entered; his daughter feared to look upon him as he spoke.

"*Thou* here, Count de Foix! Truly, thou wooest better for thyself than I for thee. By St. Jude, that wayward one this morning thought naught but ill of thee."

The lady, who had faintly struggled to disengage herself from her lover's arms, looked up blushing deeply, and murmured, "Art *thou* Gaston?"

"So men call me, dearest; and, wretched I were, were I not he—for," added he, archly, "the Count Gascon must needs wed the Podesta's daughter."

A celebrated preacher having remarked in a sermon that every thing made by God was perfect—"What think you of me?" said a deformed man in a pew beneath, who arose from his seat, and pointed at his own back. Think of you reiterated the preacher, why, that you are the most perfect hunchback my eyes ever beheld.

The most ignorant have knowledge enough to discover the faults of others; the most clear sighted are blind to their own.

Banter, but never make the cheek red.